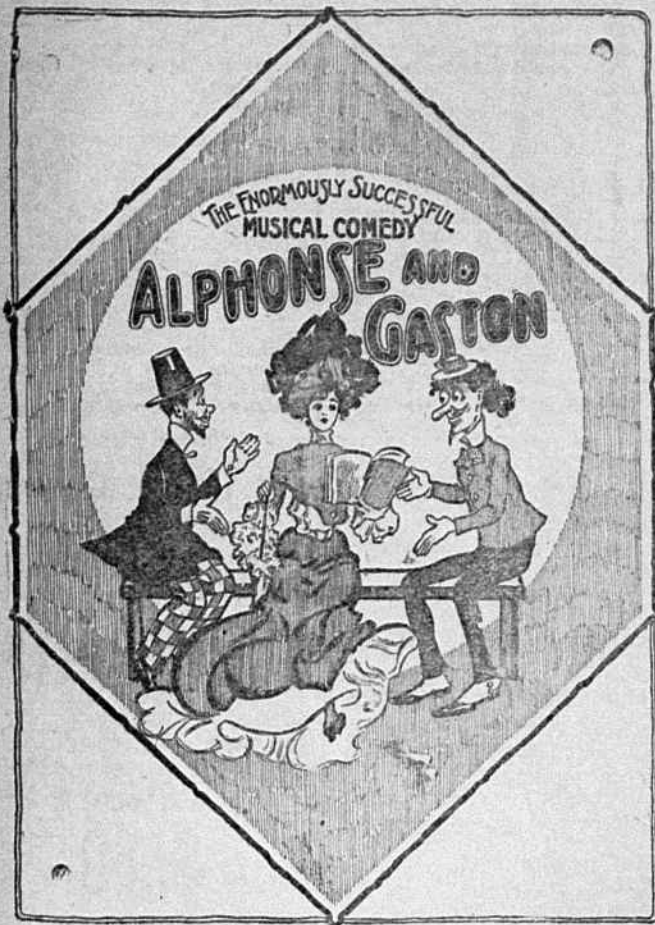


FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

ALPHONSE AND GASTON A COMIC PRODUCTION

A wide-awake, quick, merry and comic production, "Alphonse and Gaston," is described to be. It will be seen here for the first time at the Grand Opera House, Tuesday, Jan. 29. It was after long negotiations that the present management

In order to live up to their agreement, a first class company of comedians, singers and special artists are engaged in the interpretation of this musical farce; with a large chorus. The costumes are all very handsome, the scenery is complete and elaborate and the general ensemble is one of excellence in brilliancy and color effects.



attained, above all competitors, the exclusive privilege of dramatization from artist F. Oper, and William R. Hearst, the owner of the copyright. The conditions of agreement were that only a first-class company should be employed in its interpretation, and that its theatrical embellishments should be refined in every detail. These conditions were made necessary because the comic pictures of "Alphonse and Gaston" are still

HAVING CONTINUED SUCCESS.

The "Miss Bob White" Company is having continuous and uninterrupted success and giving delightful renditions of Spencer's pretty opera. The production this year is one of the most elaborate and contains in its personnel many of the most beautiful women of the stage. The cast includes Nell McNeil, Frank Deshon, Dorothy Hunting, Alice Dovey,



SCENE FROM "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

and hummed in every household, has in his third opera Opospenced himself and Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman, the famous magicians who will present the Spencer opera in this city in a few weeks, have given that work the most complete luxurious and surreptitious mounting ever accorded a Spencer opera. It is complete, delightful and picturesque, but not overdone, nor overdone and the lavish expenditures have been for talent and not for tinsel, which together with the meritorious book and melodious music are a triumvirate hard to beat. Return engagement will be played at the Grand Opera House, Monday evening February 1st.

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER.

The scenic equipment of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which will be seen here March 10, 1904, at the Grand opera house, is very elaborate, and is built for the production. The managers of the play were determined that nothing should mar the genuineness of the country atmosphere and no expense has been spared in the stage settings.

Many have asked, "Why is 'Quincy Adams Sawyer' called the best New England play ever written?" The answer has invariably been, "Because it's different from any other play of its class." "But why is it different?" "Oh, every thing is so natural, the people are just like the people you see in the country

Fred. G. Berger, is greatly enhanced by a series of magnificent stage pictures that are historically correct. The organization comprises twenty-two people,



MISS ROSE TAPLEY, In "The Sign of the Cross."

and loads of scenery and costumes are arrived. The Philadelphia Record, of November 2nd, said:—"The Sign of the Cross" is one of the most remarkable plays of the age." The Washington Times recently

ALPHONSE AND GASTON



said: "It is a wonderful production, leaving strong impressions on all who witness it."

Clergymen in every city of the world have unanimously endorsed this production. It is without doubt the strongest and most elaborate drama the stage has ever produced, demanding a large cast of splendid ability and requiring scenery, costumes and effects unequalled for splendor and magnificence. This entire production will appear at the Grand Opera House on Saturday January 30th.

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Ferguson, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep, which she had not done for several days. The son was so much pleased with the relief it gave his mother that he has since recommended it to many others. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

Preacher and Exhorter.

There was an old darky preacher in Virginia who would never become ordained, but was content to remain just an exhorter. This seemed rather strange to some of his congregation, and one day they asked him about it. "Well, it's dis way," said he. "When you's a preacher, you's better have a text an' stick right close to it, but if you's only an exhorter you kin branch."

The Original One.

Butler—But do you remember all you read?

Baker—I hope not. If I did I shouldn't enjoy the original writings of some of my friends, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Flattery was formerly considered a vice, but it is now grown into a custom.—Syria.

THE TROUBLE WITH DAN

(Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.)

It was a wet night, very wet and chill, although the fine rain barely made the gutters run. A saturating night, deceptive to the eye and bringing woe to those unguarded souls who braved its seeming mildness scornful umbrella or mackintosh.

In the house of Finch Macomber all was hospitality and cheer. The volume of many cordial voices mingling with the strains of the city's choicest orchestra poured out into the gloom as the doors opened to admit well covered figures whose somber wrappings gave little hint of the rich apparel beneath. She who a half hour ago was Justina Macomber, now to be known as Mrs. Almoe Hartwell, stood, bright eyed and smiling, by her husband's side. Her hand ached from many fervent grasps; her round cheeks blushed from many kisses, welcome and otherwise. She longed for the moment when escape would be hers, and with Almoe's arm about her they might hear the shutting of another carriage door and speed away upon life's happy journey.

The man at the door was still busy, although that lull had come between general arrival and departure. At first his broad, clean shaven face had borne a grin of polite welcome. Now it was grave and worried, and he glanced frequently over his shoulder to scan the throng crowding the rooms behind.

Many knew the old family indoor man and nodded at him familiarly, wondering at his perturbed look. Then his mistress came up.

"What's the trouble, Dan? Tired out?"

"No, mum."

"Anything go wrong?"

"No, mum; but there's a-many people here. Most of 'em I know. Some of 'em I don't. I'm frettin' lest you may have somethin' stole, mum."

Mrs. Macomber chuckled. "There isn't the slightest danger, Dan. What with an officer watching the presents and a detective keeping his eye on things, we needn't worry, I guess. Why don't you go now and get a bit to eat and a cup of coffee? You haven't sat down since morning. I'll tell Mary to take your place."

"No, mum! Not till they're all gone."

"You're foolish," said the lady and moved away.

"Maybe!" muttered the old man, leaning one thick shoulder against the wall. "The bobby's a weary boy he's told me. Three nights now and not sleepin' well. 'Dan,' he says to me this noon, 'I dread the evenin'.' 'This hard for one pair of eyes to cover a mob. Two of us is one too few,' says he. 'but Mr. Macomber gives me the grand laugh, and I'll have to 'tend bar alone.' And it's so."

"The detective? A needle in a haystack! Oh, well, there'll prob'ly be nothin' happen. Ah, but to think of Miss Tina a-lavin' us. And to stop and kiss old Dan goodby when she starts for the church, all in her weddin' gown like the angel she is. A baby when I first come twenty year ago to work on the horses. Liked me, she did, and 'twas 'Dan, Dan' till I was like a nurse gal and in the house helpin'. And me, three months after a ring fight. 'Twas time I quit; too old, too old. Lucky I've been to get where I am and no one suspectin'. Still, 'twas an honest trade, and only now and then I'd meet a man. A waiter, a coachman, a trainer, a fighter, a hostler, a nurse gal—he and now a nice respectable old butler man muddin' the door and every thing else. Sure, 'tis a curious round, a bloomin' queer one. Father a Yankee, mother English, me born in Australia, brought up in Frisco, fit in Kansas City and now for twenty year a New Yorker, decent and layin' up coin. Dan, you're not a bad sort to do so well by your gray hairs."

These reflections, cut short by a burst of shouting mirth, a rush of feet, a shower of rice and a flying slipper, changed to swift attention. Dan closed the portal after the fleeing couple and watched the scattering to the dressing rooms, for the exodus was at hand.

The crowd began to thin with Dan's rapid dispositions. A heavy set man, with his overcoat collar high turned to his ears, pressed close upon the heels of the Drayton party. There was a sudden stoppage. Dan's watchful eye narrowed sharply. The old servant's hand stole cautiously up the back of the overcoat beside him to touch the hair and lift it slightly with an unfeeling finger.

"Wig," he growled to himself, "and cropped! By—"

"Right along!" sounded his pleasant call, and with the movement his foot went out. The gentleman beside him stumbled and clicked his teeth with an exclamation.

"Beg pardon!" said the butler and caught him gently around the body, but with hands that ran searchingly and pressed on curious hard knobs.

"Go on, please," entreated Dan calmly, dropping his right arm and slipping to the left and forward. "Not hurt, sir, I hope?"

A mumbled "No," with a shake of the lowered head.

"Do move out!" cried the butler. "I want room. He's fainted."

No one had seen that heavy, paralyzing heart blow nor heard the gasp as the victim sank to his knees. Some looked back and shook their heads, unknowingly, to see good old Dan tenderly supporting the sufferer, while he called genially across the hall to the detective, talking to Mr. Macomber:

"Bracelets!"

After the last carriage had rolled away another was driven up, and the bracelets worn by the short haired, hard jawed man, so unconsciously bundled in, were not Justina's.

ELLIOT WALKER.

Get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets at Stone & Mercer's drug store. They are easier to take and most pleasant in effect than pills. Then their use is not followed by constipation, as is often the case with pills. Regular size, 25c per box.

Another Miraculous Cure of Poisoned Blood

A True Account of the Case of a Birmingham, Ala., Woman Whose Name Must Be Withheld for Obvious Reasons.

A letter was received at our office some time ago from a woman living in Birmingham, Ala., stating that she had heard of some wonderful cures of specific blood poisoning by Foerg's Remedy. She stated she had tried everything, including Hot Springs, without effect, and that she was so discouraged that she had purchased a revolver and decided to end the matter when she heard of Foerg's Remedy, and decided to delay the desperate act she contemplated till she had given this remedy a trial. Her letter after that was bubbling over with gratitude, and her last letter, which told of a complete and absolute cure, stated that the discoverer of Foerg's Remedy would be crowned with a wreath in the great hereafter for saving the life of a fallen soul. This is only one of many such cases. Don't be discouraged if you are afflicted, for we offer you an absolute cure, no matter how desperate your case.

If the taint in your blood has manifested itself in any of these following forms don't delay, but act at once, for you can never tell when the terrible poison in your blood will break out in worse form. Tainted blood manifests itself in the form of Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatic Pains, Stiff or Swollen Joints, Eruptions or Copper-colored Spots on the Face or Body, Little Ulcers in the Mouth or on the Tongue, Sore Throat, Swollen Tonsils, Falling out of the Hair or Eyebrows, and finally a Leprosy-like Decay of the Flesh and Bones. If you have any one of these symptoms don't delay until too late, but go to your druggist and get a bottle of

FOERG'S REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

All Druggists Guarantee It.

If your druggist does not handle this remedy send us \$1.00 for one bottle or \$5.00 for six bottles, with our absolute guarantee or money refunded by druggist or this Company in full. All packages sent in plain wrappers. All correspondence strictly confidential.

FOERG REMEDY CO., Evansville, Ind.

Sold by Wells & Haymaker.

What She Meant.

"Didn't I hear your wife refer to you as the human mince pie?" said the curious person.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker.

"Is that a compliment?"

"Not exactly. She means that I never agree with anybody."—Washington Star.

As Usual.

"When I looked at this picture last week I failed to observe those gongs down in the corner."

"Probably they butted in since then."

—Kansas City Journal.

The Time to Think.

Clara—I suppose I ought to stop and think before I accept him.

Maud—Oh, no. You'll have plenty of time to do that afterward.—Detroit Free Press.

A Famous Remedy for Sick Headache.

The cause of this complaint is not in the head at all, it comes from the stomach. A stomach that has become clogged by over-eating, drinking, or abuse in any manner, will warn you by bringing on sick headache. Cure the pains and distress in the stomach and the headache stops itself. All bilious attacks, dyspepsia, belching, bad taste in the mouth, maddy complexion and yellow eyes, are cured by this remedy. It is called Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills, one for a dose, and is sold by druggists all over the U. S. for 25c per box. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

APHORISMS.

A good intention clothes itself with power.—Emerson.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.—Colton.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—J. G. Holland.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life.—Steele.

Stillness of persons and steadiness of features are signal marks of good breeding.—O. W. Holmes.

The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.—Fielding.

It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.—Bruyere.

The individual who is habitually tardy in keeping an appointment will never be respected or successful in life.—W. Fisk.

Croup.

The peculiar cough which indicates croup is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

THE MODERN NOTE.

It is Not Sentiment, but Bravery With a Dash of Humor.

According to the modern notion, a man should be something of an artist in life. He should at least appear to play his part easily, with dash and gusto, like the acrobat who performs each dangerous feat smiling. This is a panache, the feather in the cap of courage-bravery with humor added. It is the spirit in which Lungtungen was taken, in which Cyrano composed his ballade while he fought a duel, for Cyrano and Alau Breck, no less than Milvaney and Sherlock Holmes, are very modern heroes.

Stevenson's whole life was one long devotion to this ideal. He carried his ill health and penury bravely and witily into far corners of the earth through many strange adventures. As he wrote to William Archer: "The medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not exist in my prospect."

The melodramatic gloom of Byron, the heinous pathos of Dickens and the dull low sentimentality of Thackeray touch the source of our tears less surely than the sheer gay heartedness and courage in the face of disease, difficulty or danger. This is the modern note. A clever woman told me that every young man of her acquaintance when he reached a certain degree of intimacy, quoted these lines of Heine's:

Under the black shadows of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

—Claude Bragdon in Reader.

Not to Be Budged.

"Move on, now," said the policeman. "No, siree!" replied Mr. Haicade doggedly.

"I guess ye will. Ye've been bangin' round here half an hour."

"Yes, an', b'gosh, here's whar I stick! The gent that tuck my watch to have my name engraved on it to told me to stay right here till he got back."—Philadelphia Press.

Picks Its Company.

"Old Hunka boasts that he never has a cold."

"It's nothing to boast of. He's so mean that even a cold won't have anything to do with him."—Exchange.

Tears in Bad Taste.

"That young vixen told me she wept over my column."

"You ought to feel flattered."

"Idiot! It's a funny column!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Force without intelligence is like a locomotive without a track or an engineer.—Schoolmaster.

Every Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Warranted.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for all grippes, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.—For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

Eating Worms.

All nations save the worshippers of Buddha eat the flesh of animals. Even the lowest and most disgusting to eye and palate find a home where they are welcomed. Worms and insects must furnish food and grace the tables not only of the poor, but of the rich. Think of the gourmet who praises the luscious woodsnipe, and still more the black mass from the inside that he carefully places on his toast and eats with a feeling akin to veneration! He is eating the worms that live in the snipe's intestines. Of equal value is the famous palm worm of the West Indies, which forms one of the best dishes of luxurious dinners. Its near relation, the grugru worm of Java, is said to be richer still and more delicate. Nor do costly silkworms escape the fate of all that is eatable. Freed from their cocoons and daintily dressed they are highly prized and largely swallowed by the people of Madagascar.

Free Cure for Sick Headache.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are a certain cure for sick headache. If taken as soon as the first indication of the disease appears they will prevent the attack. Get a free sample at Stone & Mercer's drug store and give them a trial.

The Cob Pipe.

Corncob pipes are as old as the settlement of this country, and the probabilities are that the pilgrim fathers found the Indians sucking hollowed out cobs through reed root stems. There is a historical warrant for saying that Andrew Jackson smoked cob pipes and was fond of them. Tradition has it that after that famous dinner of sweet potatoes General Francis Marion proffered the British officer who was his guest a corncob pipe and a mole-skin pouch of sun cured leaf tobacco.—Savannah News.

Sure Cure For Piles.

Itching piles produce moisture and cause itching, this form, as well as blind, bleeding or protruding piles, are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a jar, at druggists, or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. Dr. Bosanko, Phila., Pa. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

In the Nursery.

"Mamma, why do landladies object to children?"

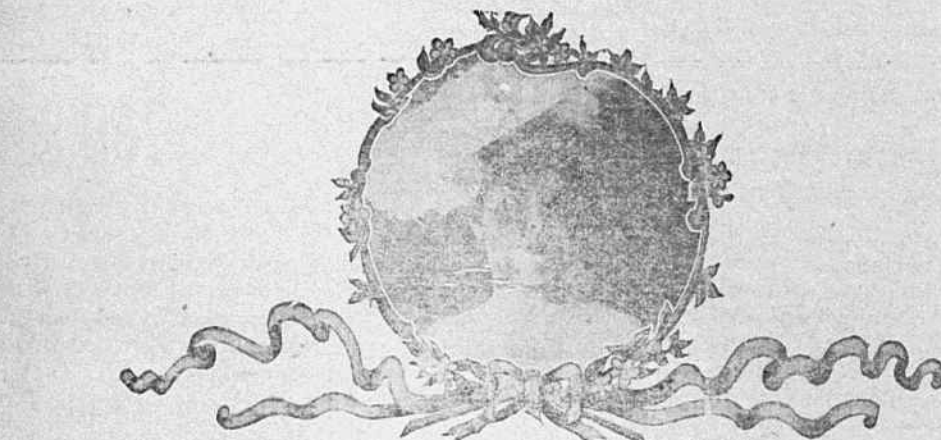
"Mother—I'm sure I don't know. But go and see what baby is crying about and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street and make George and Kate cease fighting and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that tin trumpet I'll take it away from him."—Tit Bits.

Their Celebrations.

Hicks—Going to celebrate your wedding, are you?

Wicks—Yes.

Hicks—Well, I guess I'll celebrate my wouldn't wedding. It was just five years ago that that girl from Chicago said she wouldn't marry me.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.



MISS DOROTHY HUNTING, IN "MISS BOB WHITE."

current in Mr. Hearst's publications and should they be made offensive in any way on the stage, they would probably depreciate in value as the leading comic feature of his newspaper. This promise made by the management has been fully

Edith Blair, May Bouton, Harry Wilson and others and is conveyed by an orchestra of high class musicians, which in conjunction with the regular orchestra of the theatres, makes the presentation a perfect one musically.

the scenery is just as read as any thing," is the reply.

The husking-bee scene alone would win fame for the play. The real red ears the real kisses, the real supper and the natural and humorous incidents attending the features have pleased immense audiences all over the country.

There is genuine comedy all through the play, and the few touches of pathos strike as true and convincing. The story



MISS LILLIAN RANDOLPH, IN "MISS BOB WHITE."

filled in every sense, and "Alphonse and Gaston" will be found to be one of the most enjoyable of all plays, based upon humorous situations and comic characters that have been seen this season.

"MISS BOB WHITE"

TO PLAY HERE AGAIN

"Miss Bob White," a comedy opera, Willard Spence, whose "Little Tycoon" and "Princess Bonnie" are still with